AN EPISODE IN THE YOUTH OF AS ASTOUNDING WOMAN.

Ten Years Old, Alone On a Backwoods Clearing, She was Interrupted in Her Mending by Two Panthers-When Compelled to Take a Hand in the Bertmunge she Didn't Waste Her Pather's Powder.

NORWICH HILL, April 7 .- Long afore I know'd Susan or had ever heard of her yit." said Cuthbert Miles, the octogenarian backet weaving hermit of Indian Run, "which'd make it ampin' like seventy year see, she had garried in to be automadin' aircedy, and ahe was anoly, set comin' ten year old at that I never know'd about it, either, till a year or more arter may all soam was married, an' had come down from York State into the Pennsylvany wilders at all the properties of about. This sometimes a soam was married, an' had come down the creek. I wouldn't a show'd it then, nuther, if me an' Susan hadn't go up one night to go out and resky some of our low-schok belongin's from a painter that had come down out o' the mountains an's set out to levy on a caif. We reskied the caif an' got the painter's hide an' tailler, an' after we'd gone back an' sent to bed. Susan said that the painter didn't beam to be as big as sither one o' the two she silled wonst at one shot, up in Certiand enough, when had was ago and enough, when she was ago and some down out o' the mountains an'set out to levy on a caif. We reskied the caif and got the painter's hide an' tailler, an' after we'd gone back an' sent to bed. Susan said that the painter didn't beam to be as big as sither one o' the two she silled wonst at one shot, up in Certiand enough, says she. The wond this one wasn't no bigger'n it was, 'says she. I'but'n't a slipped out an' gethered it in alone, 'says an'. That I wook you up I's says she. "You'n't says she. Didn't fell re' Sout it?"

"That I wook you up I's says she. "You'n't says she. "You'n't says she. "You'n't says she." "You'n't says she. "You'n't says she." "You'n't says she. "You'n't says she." "You'n't say she." "You'n't says she." "You'n't says she." "You'n't says she." "You'n't say she." "You'n't make it sumpin' like seventy year ago, she had started in to be astoundin' alreedy, an' she was only jest comin' ten year old at that. I never

one livin' nigher'n five miles, an' there was big woods on every side, full o' b'ar an' painters.'

ovis says are.

"An' so Susan's mammy went down to the Forks to see her dyin' sinter. Susan done the chores' round the clearn' jist as if the hull fam'ly was there as usual, an' arter eatin' her supper she put a big log on the dreplace, cause it was long late in the fall, an' sot down to put some patches on her pap's hickory trousers, which had been tore consid'able during a little tused the of man'd ben havin' with a b'ar the day afore. Susan's pop was liable to setch imseed, an' Susan usety say that 'bout the only rescryation she had when she wasn't workin' was look up a settin' patches in her pap's trousers or sewin up his coat or sumpin'. But he ailing got the b'ar, she usety say.

"Well, Susan she sot down to set the patches in her pap's trousers that might, an' was stitchin' away at one when suddenly, off to the right o' the house, there come out o' the woods a yell that ought to ben enough from what Susan

the house, there come out of the woods a yell that bught to ben enough, from what Susan told me, to skeer a wild injin into a fit of shakes that'd rattled his war paint off.

"A painter, hay "says Susan, bitin' off another piece of patent thread an' threadin' her needle agin. "Wull," says sha, "he sin't comin' arter none of our belongin's or he wouldn't be a bullerin', an' he couldn't git none on en if he was comin' arter' em, says sha, so let him yell till his throat's sore, if he wants to says she, fittin' another patch on her pap's trousers. till his throat's sore, if he wants to says she, fitting another patch on her pape is trousers. She hash thore's stuck her needle in it, when from the direction of the creek, on the left of the house, riz up another yell, so much frightfuller than the first one, Susan said, that if there'd a ben a hull tribe of Injin's campin' around there they'd a got up an' dug.

Two on 'em, hay'? says Susan, waxin' her thread some more. One comin' from the east an 'tother'n comin' from the west, an both on 'em madder'n hush fres, says she. 'Shouldn't wonder but what they'm gointer hev a skrimmage, around here, some'rs. Let em skrimmage, around here, some'rs. Let em skrimmage, around there, some'rs. Let em skrimmage, around the but the likely this un'll kill tother un, or 'other'n'll kill this un,' says she, an then there ''ll be use less painter, any how:

an' Susan usety say that she was powerful glad, 'cause if he'd a come that night he wonight a hast a wink o' sleep, thinkin' o' what he missed in not seem' the scrimmage.

"Them was the biggest painters ever killed in York State,' said Susan, telin' me bout it, 'an' when I think o' the size o' thin' we killed to-night, 'says she, 'it makes me 'shamed that I woke ye up, Moses, stid o' goin' out an' desiin' with it by myself!' says she.

"Why, sir, there never was but one definition of astoundin', an' that was Susan' said reminiscent Hermit Miles.

SOME STORIES OF ANIMALS. Etiquette Observed by Members of the

From the London Spectator. It has been noted that the etiquette of high life is by no means the only form of its observance among men. There is such a thing as professional etiquette—the etiquette of sport, and

"An' Susan wasn't ten yit, an' there wasn't no one livin' nigher's five miles, an' there was big woods on every side, full o' b'ar an' painters."

"An't ye 'feerd, Susan? says her maramy."

"Puh!" says Susan. "Feerd! I guess I wasn't fetched up in the woods to be skeert by covis!" says she.

"An'so Susan's mammy went down to the forks to see her dyin' sister. Susan done the chores 'round the clearin' jist as if the hull fam'ly was there as a usual, an' arter easin' her supper she put a big log on the freplace, cause it was long late in the fail, an' sot down to put work and been tore consid'able during a little tused the ol' man'd ben havin' with a b'ar the day afore. Susan's pop was liable to setch tuses, an' Susan's pop was liable to setch tuse

owe their death to this perverted feeling of socat'd rattled his war paint off.
"A painter, hay?" says Susan, bittin' off analess
her piece o' patent thread an' threadin' her
sedie ag'in. "Wull," says she, he sin't comin'
ther none of our belongin's or ne wouldn't be
heilierin', an' he canida't git none on 'em if he
as comin' after em; says she, 'so let him yell
il his throat's sors, if he wants to 'says she,
tim' another paten on her pap's trousers.

"See hadn't more'n stuck her needle in it, when
rom the direction of the creek, on the left o'
he house, rig up another yell, so much frightniler than the first one, Susan said, that if
here'd a ben a buil tribe o' injin's campin'
cound there they'd a got up an' dug.

"Two on 'em, may? 'says Sinan, waxin' her
alread some more. 'One comin' from the east
in' tother'n comin' from the west, an' both on
em maider'n bush fires, says she. 'Shouldn't
could there come more. 'One comin' from the east
in' tother'n comin' from the west, an' both on
em maider'n bush fires, says she. 'Shouldn't
could there would here, some re. Let em skrimhage, says she. 'More'n likely this un' kays' she,
an' then there'll be one less painter, any how;
an' there's such a thing that mebbe both li kill
officer un, or tother'n 'll kill this un,' says she,
an' there's such a thing that mebbe both li kill
officer un, or tother'n 'll kill this un,' says she,
an' there's such a thing that mebbe both li kill
officer un, or tother'n 'll kill this un,' says she,
an' there's such a thing that mebbe both li kill
officer un, or tother'n 'll kill this un,' says she,
and then there'll be one less painter, any how;
an there's such a thing that mebbe both li kill
officer un, or tother'n 'll kill this un,' says she,
and in this manner will swim very long distant's free and there's such a thing that mebbe both li kill
officer un, or tother'n 'll kill this un', says she,
and in the word of the creek and the set together, which
sends him forward with a rush, the water point
of it, ill they got so diose that

See the second of the second o



## An Easter Lily

is emblematic of purity and truth; we may say the same of Pond's Extract, which for fifty years has stood the test.

Accept nothing as "just as good," Look for our buf wrapper and yellow label, POND'S EXTRACT CO., 78 Fifth Ave., New York.

half a mile above the wharf, and lands with a small net and a wooden box in his hands. Creep-ing quietly in among the bushes he throws stick further insand, and instantly a custling is heard among stick forther inand, and instantly a custling is heard among the dead leaves on the ground. The noise of the stick has alarmed a myrad of didder crais, and they rush for their holes in the beach, looking like an army of great black spiders, so thick that they blacken the ground. They have to pass the beatman before they can reach the beatman before they can reach the beach, and the procession opens and passes on each side of him, half to the right and half to the leath, and they pass him he reaches out with his not and scoops them 16, drops a dozen or a wors had the box, and reaches out again and sgain, each line with the same result. The diddlers are like any other crais, but small, designally not larger than a siver quarter-solute, and they are considered the best but for sheep-head. Those that escape disappear in a few seconds. Those holes in the sand.

"Now we want a comple of good clubs or biscess of board," says the boardman, "to kill the fish with. They're the gamiest lish we have in this river, the sheepshead, and they li fight is in the boat if we ton't kill them. They have very sharp spines atong the back, like saifs biades, and when they're mad they open them out and cut wherever they can. I've had my hands all cuts to pieces with them. The only way is to hatter the fish over the nose as fast as they're caught; that ettiles em.

The passenger's lirst sheepshead weighs forty or dity pounds, he is ready to declare, while trying to land him. The fish makes a gailant labt, both in the water andour, and a big one requires a strong arm and a strong line to pull him out.

There are thousands of them—jacks, succeptions, poundano. Spanish mackerel, angel fish, and a dozen more.

To catch fish there, is merely to put an oyster on the book and drop it in. How many a man can catch depends entirely upon how fast he throws in and straws out. The only difficulty is to get the hook down to the big fellows near the bottom, for the smaller ones on top not more than a foot or a foot and a half long, sprint for the oyster as soon as it appears and it has small chance of reaching the bottom. This work lecomes thresome in a few minings. As the houterman says, it is not fishing, it is simply more, and his direct with biodenekers, and his victies long as his whole down the comes thresome in a few minings. As the houterman says, it is not fishing, it is simply more, the comes thresome in a few minings. As the houterman says, it is not fishing, it is simply more, and his direct with the market gardeners. The hay is seen the same of them many sites of the course of the course of the course of the course of the masters a foot and a cardenose. It is several mice long and wide, and is one of them manters a foot and a cardenose of the most imposite places in south Florida. Parts of the footers are covered with headtoful pained to the course of the manters and the south for the course of the mining the course of the masters a foot and a fair in tamerer. One that Ruffus Spencer dug on the other day up near tirest Bridge weighted with headton pained to prove a south of the course this spencer dug of the other day up near tirest Bridge weighted with the course of the masters and the course the same of them mantered times with the course of the course the course of the course o

# They Have Begun to Come Out of Thete Whiter Quarters in the Mad-Ways of Hunting Them-Some Big Fellows,

TURTLES ONCE DESPISED.

LOGGERHEADS A TABLE DELICACE

IN CONNECTICET NOW.

MILPORD, Conn., April 5. Just to the eastward of this town Indian River, a broad, sals creek, winds down through the Burwall mendows to the Sound. In its upper stresches, where the fresh current of Quarry Creek flows in, the big trout are just beginning to run and feed. Later the snapping bluefish will hauns its oddies in silvery hordes, and after them will follow the many-legged army of crabs. Then comes the suipe and duck shooting along its reed-fringed margin. All through the year it is frequented by sportsmen. Now the sport is furnished by big brown loggerheads. A few seasons ago the colored dwellers up in the cedars were the only people who appres

coared loggerheads as a table dainty. The great ugly mud-loving turtles were despised by angiers, because they carried off balt and broke lines, and by sei fishermen because they broke the pots and pounds, but no one thought of eating them. The fact is their admirers declare they are fatter, juicier, and of a flavor riches than the much-vaunted terrapin. They are facmiliar objects to most people who have paddled, a cause or rowed or fished on fresh water or brackish creeks. Such people will recall having seen at intervals an ugly, dusky object on the surface, which seemed to be the blunt protruding end of a water-logged stake. Suddenly, on a nearer approach, the thing would quietly sink out of sight, leaving behind only a tell-tale bubble and a faint circular ripole. It was a loggerhead. He was on the surface reconnoitring, either for a possible meal or to find out what caused the noise made by the paddle, for these turt es are intensely inquisitive. Just now they are coming out of winter quar-

been lying dormant, buried deep in the soft mud at the bottom of the creek. They seem toprefer the smeal edges of the river to the centra, and this is their greatest mistake. Usually they have been captured in one stretch of mudbank my their winter sleeping nooks the loggerheads. result they are almost bursting with fat when they emerge in the spring they are still plump. About April I the sun begins to thaw out the errek s banks, and in a week or so the loggerneads commence sluggishly to leave their beds. At this point comes in the hunter, and before the dig turbles have moved away they are rudely awakened by being tossed into a burlap sack.

The hunter is equipped with a queer lot of implements. He has a broad, flat-bottomed, square-ended sow, in which he has a long rough built to hold his game. A long-handled cap not is always with him for use in emergen-

ies, as when a prematurely wide-awake loggerhead tries to escape. It is like a crab net, but The shief implement is a long poin of well-seatapered to a sharp point. This is the sounder. With it the hunter locates his game and either

or fitty pounds, he is ready to declare, while trying to land him. The fish makes a gaillant light, both in the water andour, and a big one requires a strong arm and a strong line to pull him out. He may weigh anywhere from three to ben pounds after he has been nathered over the nose. They are not as hierty as lacks, but with two hours fishing seen man should have at east a digen. Even these delicately flavored fish have to be feel to the birs and conkents sometimes, as a they are caught faster than they can be saten. Now I can show you a chance to mirrier some fish if you like. Says the boatman, when the sheeplaned fishing is over. The and fishing, and draw a booket out of a well. You'll the of it in a few minutes, because there's no sport about it at all it's simply murder, but you might like to 17 it. He green a little further down the river to an any system has and throws a few mandins of overers into the boat, and then crosses over to the description of the cold warehouse on that wharf is a two-feet square tran door which he raises, disclosing the water beneath. The water's very clear, and the stringer sees not only that there are fish in the flow as an templated them, and any other the part of the river, and the fish are an templated as a first water beneath. The water's very clear, and the fish are an templated as a first water beneath. The water's very clear, and the fish are an templated as a first water beneath. The water's very clear, and the fish are an templated as a first water beneath. The water's here is not help how and drup it in. How many a man can caten depends entirely upon how fast he bottom, for the smaller mee on ton, not more than a foot or a foot and a foot and